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American Poets.

BY MEMBERS OF THE CRITICISM CLASS.

II.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Among the many periodicals published in America, the *Century Magazine* ranks with the foremost. The greatest writers of prose and poetry pen for it their best compositions. Only articles that have stood the test of severe criticism on the part of a special staff find insertion in its columns. Subjects of every kind are treated, and the perusal of its pages places at the disposal of the reader an amount of general information that could scarcely be acquired even by hard study and deep thought. Essays historical and philosophical, a few chapters of a great novel, a brilliant sonnet, a glance at the topics of the day, this is some of the excellent reading-matter which every number of this well-conducted magazine presents to the public. But all these good qualities reflect credit on the clever management of the editor.

Richard Watson Gilder was born at Bordentown, N. J., on the eighth of February, 1844. The greater part of his education he received at Bellevue Seminary, a college established at Bordentown by his father, the Rev. William H. Gilder. During the emergency campaign of 1863 he served in Landis' Philadelphia battery, on the occasion of the confederate invasion of Pennsylvania. He began the study of law at Philadelphia. This being interrupted by the death of his father in 1864, he joined the staff of the Newark, N. J., *Daily Advertiser*. In 1866 he resigned, and founded the Newark *Morning Register*, with Newton Crane as joint editor. The

following year he became editor of *Hours at Home*, a New York monthly journal. The *Century Magazine* was established in 1870. Its proprietors purchased *Hours at Home*, and Mr. Gilder was chosen associate-editor of the magazine by its editor, Dr. J. G. Holland. On the death of the latter he succeeded to the editorship, and every issue of his periodical proves how worthily he fills that important office.

Journalists, no matter how masterly, do not, as a rule, attain great reputation for their writings, even though they crowd the columns of their paper with compositions of the greatest worth. The late James McMaster, who wrote in a style remarkable for strength and incisiveness of diction, is a striking example of this. Who ever speaks of him as a writer worthy of note? We all admire the work he did when he edited the *Freeman's Journal*, but there our admiration of him ends. Thus it is with Mr. Gilder. He wrote most brilliant articles in his magazine; but, as he has not given us a novel or other book of prose, his name is not even mentioned in connection with prose-writers of celebrity.

As a poet, however, Richard Watson Gilder ranks among the best of the American poets to-day. Longfellow, Bryant, and Lowell live only in their works; and Whittier will not be long with us. Gilder's first volume of poems, "The New Day," appeared in 1875. It was followed by "The Celestial Passion" and "Lyrics" in 1878. A collective edition of "Lyrics and Other Poems" was published in 1885. Some of these poems are done in a masterly style, whilst others bespeak but little inspiration of the Muses. The author soars occasionally to those ethereal heights where illustrious singers sit enthroned; at other times "Phœbus to him is deaf, and Pegasus is restive." Gilder has written sonnets remarkable for their perfect

technique. Of these the best is that on the sonnet:

"What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea,
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah, me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakspere's shadow
falls:
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls."

The most difficult form of poetry is the sonnet. One who has written five perfect sonnets is a poet; and this was done by Gilder years ago. Our poet understands the art of making pen-pictures admirably. In "Listening to Music"—a charming lyric of his—he compares music to a

"—joyful sea

Where billow on billow breaks; where swift waves follow
Waves, and hollow calls to hollow;
Where sea-birds swirl and swing,
And winds through the rigging shrill and sing;
Where night is one vast starless shade."

Gilder's works are becoming more and more popular, because every day people come more and more to discover in them

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene."

JOSEPH JUST.

The Poetry of Richard Watson Gilder.

At the present time there is really no great producing poet. Both Tennyson and Whittier are beyond the energetic age, and nothing more of great value is to be expected from either; and so it seems to us, for a time, as though when these last sturdy oaks have yielded there will be little left. But we forget that each has dropped its acorns, and that many have taken root and sprung up into young shoots, which one day may rival even the greatest of their predecessors. So it is with Gilder. He has imbibed much of the accuracy of Tennyson and more of the delicacy of Whittier, throwing over these the light of his individuality. He cannot now be classed among the greater poets; but he is still young, and, above all, he has the true poetic spirit without which a man is, at best, no more than a good rhymester, a mere jingler of meaningless words and phrases.

There are two great themes which seem to lie at the bottom of every poet's heart; these

are Love and Religion. Gilder is not an exception to the general rule, for one finds that they are his favorite subjects.

Of his two books of poems, "The New Day" and "The Celestial Passion," the former is one continuous love-song, while the latter is a hymn of praise to God; now philosophical, and anon bursting those limited bounds to revel in the purer air of absolute belief. How many poets have written on the sun-rise, and yet, among them all, who has given a more delicate comparison than is expressed in these lines, in which he speaks of the cloud-veiled sun as

"Encased in gold unearthly, that was mined
From out the hollow caverns of the wind."

In the verses entitled "There is Nothing New under the Sun" he voices a thought which is the corner-stone of all Christian creeds. In the trials and sorrows of life one should not think of his own woes as being so great, but rather of how small and insignificant they become when compared with those of Christ on Calvary. He writes:

"I know it, because at the portal
Of heaven I bowed and cried,
And I said: 'Was ever a mortal
Thus crowned and crucified?
My praise thou hast made my blame;
My best thou hast made my worst;
My good thou hast turned to shame;
My drink is a flaming thirst.'

"But scarce my prayer was said
Ere from that place I turned;
I trembled, I hung my head,
My cheek, shame-smitten, burned;
For there where I bowed down
In my boastful agony,
I thought of Thy cross and crown,—
O Christ! I remembered Thee."

The "New Day" ends with an exquisitely moulded bit of verse which, besides being musical, sets forth the path of duty as it appears to a Christian of the nineteenth century,—not measured by the world's standard, but by the far truer one which exists in every man's conscience:

"He knows not the path of duty
Who says that the way is sweet;
But he who is blind to the beauty,
And finds but the thorns for his feet."

"He alone is the perfect giver
Who swears that his gift is naught;
And he is the sure receiver
Who gains what he never sought."

In "The Celestial Passion," which is Gilder's latest work, one may readily see the improvement over "The New Day" both in correctness of style and elevation of thought.

"The Voice of the Pine," taken from the

former, might well remind one of the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" among which Evangeline lived and loved. In the poem entitled "When Love Dawned," he calls love "the morning twilight of the soul." How true and delicate! For without love how can we come to be like God, who is infinite love. Later on, in "Love and Death," he writes:

"Who love can never die! They are a part
Of all that lives beneath the summer sky;
With the world's living soul their souls are one;
Nor shall they in vast nature be undone
And lost in the general life. Each separate heart
Shall live, and find its own, and never die."

Here is a thought clothed in the same garments that are used in "Thanatopsis"; but while Bryant's conceal a false and decayed centre, those of Gilder are but the delicate lacework through which shines the eternal glory of the Father.

"Thanatopsis" is like a beautifully combined piece of machinery: one admires, he praises, but he feels all the time as though something were lacking. That something is the motor-power which Gilder supplies, and without which the most perfect of contrivances can have no effect. And now, having considered these two works of Gilder's, one must admit that he finds little to criticise and much to praise.

M. JOSLYN.

The Rings of Saturn.

BY L. J. S.

Of all the wonders of the heavens probably the most beautiful and mysterious is the Saturian system. We have in Saturn, surrounded by his majestic ring and numerous satellites differing so signally from all other heavenly bodies, an object worthy of all the observation and study bestowed upon it.

To the naked eye Saturn is of a dull yellowish color, shining with about the brilliancy of a star of the first magnitude, but varying in brightness with the position of the rings, being brighter the wider they appear. The appearance of the ball of Saturn is much like that of Jupiter, having light and dark belts parallel to the direction of its rotation. The ring-system surrounding Saturn, made up as it is, is the most remarkable peculiarity of the planet, though the number of satellites has caused much speculation among astronomers.

Galileo, in 1610, after having examined the satellites of Jupiter, turned his telescope towards Saturn, and saw that the planet appeared

oval-shaped instead of round; after longer observation he announced in a logograph that the planet was triple, having a small satellite on each side of it.

In 1612 these had disappeared, and to explain the cause perplexed all the astronomers of the time, till in 1651 Huggins, after seven years of close observation and study, solved the question and explained the true nature of the rings. He announced that Saturn was surrounded by a thin, flat ring, nowhere touching it, and inclined to the ecliptic. It is not surprising that this discovery excited great interest among astronomers of the day since they had before this time to deal only with solid bodies, or bodies supposed to be solid. Here, however, was a ring-shaped body travelling around the sun in attendance upon Saturn whose motions, however they varied, were so closely followed that the planet remained centrally poised within; and all this before Newton even thought of the laws of gravity as we now know them.

Six years later Ball perceived a black stripe of considerable breadth dividing the ring into two parts, and concluded that it was really not one ring but two; his conclusion was confirmed ten years later by Cassini, though it was not until 1790 that this was admitted by Sir William Herschel.

It has been found that as Saturn revolves around the sun the plane of the rings remains parallel to itself; so that during each revolution of Saturn the plane of the rings passes through the sun twice. At two other points, midway between these, the sun shines upon the plane of the rings at its greatest inclination, about 27° ; and since the earth is little more than one-tenth as far from the sun as Saturn is, an observer on the earth sees Saturn nearly, but not quite, as if he were in the sun. Hence at certain times the rings are seen edgeways, while at other times they are at an inclination of 27° , the aspect depending upon the position of the planet in its orbit.

In 1885 the south side of the rings was seen at an inclination of 27° ; and in December, 1891, the planet having moved 90° further, the edge of the ring will be towards the earth. The sun shines on one side of the rings during a period of almost fifteen years, and the regions under the other side suffer a solar eclipse during this time; though the satellites reflect a great deal of light, they would give very little heat. With a good telescope one may see both the shadow of the ring upon the ball, and that of the ball upon the ring; the form of the shadow cast by the planet upon the ring seems different at times

from what it should; but this may be accounted for by irregularities, or by not seeing distinctly.

The third or dusky ring is an American discovery, having been first noticed by W. C. Bond, of Cambridge, and a little later, though independently, by Dawes in England. When discovered, the ring had a very small inclination; but as it continually increased, the rings became more and more distinct, till, in 1853, they could be seen with a small telescope. That the dark ring was not discovered before seems surprising when we consider the number of astronomers who were constantly observing and studying the planet. On account of this some thought the new ring was a recent formation; but on examining old records it was found that the dusky ring had been seen in 1828—though unfavorably—and again in 1838; besides this it was really measured in 1839 by Galle. One of the most remarkable things about this ring is that where it crosses the planet it appears as a rather dark belt through which the outline of the ball can be seen as through dust or smoke; and it is worthy of note that although the ring was not detected till 1828, and not generally recognized till 1850, the dark belt caused by it across the planet was observed more than a century earlier. In 1715 it was seen by Cassini, who thought that it was not curved enough for a belt really belonging to the planet; Hadley observed that the belt attended the ring as it opened and closed, and he thought that the dark belt belonged to the ring, not to the body of the planet.

Thus we see that the inner part of the inner bright ring has been transparent for over a century, and it is probable that within this ring has been a ring of matter, but that this ring has only in later times gathered consistency enough to be seen. Thus, while observations of the belt across the planet proves that the dusky ring is not a new formation, it also shows that the ring has changed within a century.

The discovery of this ring again brought before astronomers the old question in regard to the constitution and stability of the ring-system. The old theory, that the rings were a solid mass, was again set forth; but when it was considered that Saturn had a mean diameter of seventy-one thousand miles, and having the force of gravity acting on the outer edge about equal to one-fifth of the gravity at the earth's surface, the theory was abandoned, and with reason. It is certain that if the rings did not rotate, the force thus acting would bring them down on the planet. Thus we see that it would be necessary for the rings to rotate; but it is clear that the rate of rotation

for the outer portion would be nearly twice as fast as the rate for the inner portion; and the result would be that the ring-system would be affected by strains which it could not resist; so that nothing but the division of the ring-system into a number of narrow hoops could possibly save it from being destroyed by the strains and pressures it would have to bear. But even this arrangement would not save the rings; for if we supposed a fine hoop to turn around a central attracting body, as the rings do about Saturn, it will be seen that unless the hoop is weighted, so that its centre of gravity be far from the attracting body, there will be no stability in the motions; the hoop would soon rotate eccentrically, and after a time would be brought in collision with the central body.

It has been said that the irregularities before mentioned in respect to the shadow cast by the planet would at some time explain the stability of the rings by throwing the centre of gravity of the rings outside of the planet; but, even if this were the case, the rings would be constantly in collision with each other. So we are forced to believe that Saturn's rings are not rigid or in any sense a solid formation.

Bond expressed an idea that the new ring, or even the whole system, might be fluid; and this was the next theory to obtain for any length of time. But before we can support this theory we must admit the existence of elements entirely different from those known by us, as no fluid we know of could retain the form of the rings of Saturn, under the conditions to which they are subject, without a support; and though for a time it was supposed that the satellites would furnish such a support, it has been shown that they could not. We also know that if the rings were fluid, they would have more of a shining appearance; and if gaseous, they would not cast a shadow on the planet. There only remains, then, the theory that the Saturnian ring-system consists of discrete masses similar to the streams on meteors known to exist in great numbers.

Clerk Maxwell has shown conclusively that only a system of small bodies—each free to travel upon its own course under the varying attractions to which it is subject by the planet and satellites—can possibly surround a planet as the rings of Saturn do. Most of the peculiarities noticed in the ring-system may be easily explained when we regard the system as made up of an immense number of small bodies. Variations in brightness would indicate various degrees of condensation of the small satellites. Of course, we might say the outer ring is composed of different material from the inner and

brighter; but why should the ring-system, three thousand miles in width, be divided into zones of different material? But when the rings are regarded as made up of a multitude of small bodies we can see how the nearly circular movements of all of these, at different rates, should result in the formation of rings of aggregation and segregation appearing at the earth as rings of greater or less brilliancy, the dusky ring would correspond in appearance with a ring of scattered satellites; and, indeed, the appearance of a dusky belt across the globe of the planet, where the dark ring crosses the disk, cannot be accounted for in any other way; for if the ring were composed of a partly transparent solid or fluid, the light of the planet through the ring, added to the light reflected by the latter, would be so nearly the same as light reflected from the rest of the disc that no dark belt could be seen. On the other hand, a ring of scattered satellites would cast as a shadow a number of dark spots that would give to the belt a grayish aspect; some of the spots would be hidden by the satellites in the ring; but certainly more than half the shadows would be seen, which would give to the belt the dark color it presented when discovered.

The matter composing the dusky ring has been observed by Mr. Trouvelot to be gathered in places into compact masses which prevent the light of the planet from being seen through these portions. This could not happen if the rings were continuous, solid or liquid, though it would naturally occasion a ring formed by so great a number of minute bodies travelling freely around the planet.

When the dark ring was carefully observed during ten years following its discovery by Bond, at which time—it was favorably placed—it was noticed that the outline of the planet could be distinctly seen across the entire breadth of the ring. Later, however, it was found that the planet was then visible only through the inner half of the ring, so it appears that the inner portion of the ring is getting continually thinner; that is, the satellites composing it are getting further apart, or that the outer portion is getting more compact—probably from satellites straying from the interior of the inner bright ring. Hence we see that in Saturn's rings, if not in the planet itself, great changes are taking place. It may be that the rings are being so fashioned, under the forces to which they are subject, as to be on their way to becoming changed into separate satellites. Should this happen, we would not need further proof of Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis.

But whatever be the end towards which the changes are tending, we see processes of evolution taking place which may be regarded as typifying the longer and more energetic processes whereby the solar system reached its present condition, which Laplace advocated.

Hamlet.

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE MEMBERS OF THE LITERATURE CLASS.

I.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.*

The perfection with which Shakspere's pen has bodied forth living forms, the seeming reality of his scenes, his ideal representations of nature, and the diversity of the life and personality of his characters, have won for him the immortal title of (excepting Dante) earth's "greatest genius! But, be it his graceful and striking Bas-sanio or the hypocritical and scheming Iago, the intense Othello, or the justice-loving Brutus, there is not a character, I think, of all the mar-vellous creations of his brain that enchants our souls, charms us with such a magic spell and wins our thoughts, affections and sympathies as does the thoughtful and gloomy Prince Hamlet.

We judge Hamlet to be a most learned man who, from his earliest years, was a haunter of the university and the friend of philosophers. He could appreciate the beauties around him; he read and thought much, and knew "what a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" When we first meet him standing before the throne of his uncle, we are struck by his dignified, courtly figure; its winsome grace, chivalric pose, and thoughtful face. He is in the prime of life and manly beauty,—glowing with happy hopes, aspiring to high and noble ideals,—with a body and mind enriched and adorned with all that is lovely and beautiful in the physical, material and intellectual worlds.

But the recent death of Hamlet's father is working a wonderful change in him. The pleasures of the court have not the least attraction for him; the hypocrisy of the world wearies him, and his sadness has moulded his character even more serious and thoughtful. He has loved his father much, and he is therefore grieved the more on account of his mother's overhasty marriage to his uncle. This he cannot understand: his mother!—she whom he had heard so often

* As this symposium is rather long, *Hamlet*, treated from other points of view, will be considered by members of the Literature class in subsequent numbers of the SCHOLASTIC.

make such holy professions to his noble sire, now, before his father is dead

"—a little month, or
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her eyes,"

is married to his uncle—his father's brother! Beholding these, the burdens of his grief, who does not love and pity him? Horatio, his true and noble friend, tells him that a spirit, much like King Hamlet, armed, parades at night. One young hero determines to watch. Hoping almost against hope that the ghost is some foul demon playing on the superstitions of men, yet he swears, if it assumes the form of his beloved father—

"I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace!"

With your mental eye, gentle reader, picture him standing on the platform awaiting the apparition of his father. Can you imagine anything so beautiful, yet deeply and uniformly sorrowful? A youthful, noble and loving prince struggling with grief and misery! Mark the sensitive curl of his lip, the woful stare of his eyes, the despondency and asperity of his whole being; note the anxious twinkle and quick rolling of his eyes in search of the mysterious spirit; and now, yonder as it comes, behold him as he gazes in wild excitement upon the source of all his sorrow. His eyes, extended in their sockets, are rooted on this strutting form—for it is, indeed, his father's ghost! Frantically he begs it to stay, and bids it, in the name of all that is holy, "speak"! He learns that his father was killed, not by the poisonous sting of a serpent, but by the murderous fang of the adder that sits on his throne and drinks the honey of his fortunes; that his uncle is a fratricide and regicide—a foul, adulterous robber and villainous hypocrite; and he learns the frailty of his mother, her weakness and shallow virtue.

Hamlet is plunged in grief. His father's spirit is ever before his eyes; its charge, "Remember me," is ever ringing in his ears. Love and duty bid him revenge, fortune and nature whisper: "wait." His sorrow is a barrier to every joy; a veil to the beautiful face of nature, and a lurid cloud to the gay pleasures around him. Nor do his once loved schoolmates, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, have any influence over his spirits; nor she, the fair young maiden, whom he once prized so dearly and called "the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautiful Ophelia"—she no longer has any charms for him. The spell is broken, and the cord of love which bound them together is cut. The very earth, the firmament, the over-hanging canopy of heaven studded with its golden jewels,—all appear to him no other "than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors." We say he is madly in love; not so; he is sanely enough in love—not the love of the silly school-boy, it is filial love, deeply rooted in his soul, and being the essence of his nature, it shakes his whole being.

But Hamlet seems to lack determination and

decision. Time stings him, and his work of vengeance is not done. He wishes to act, and yet he wishes not to do what he wishes to do. Is there any way to escape this duty?

"The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil, and the devil has power
To assume a pleasing shape. I'll have grounds
More relative than this!"

He has studied human nature and has heard

"That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions."

Choosing a play something like the murder of his father, and arranging it to suit his purpose, he has it played before his uncle. It has the desired effect. The king rises, "frighted with false fire," struck with remorse, wild with excitement, and madly rushes from the hall. Hamlet *knows* now it was not "a damned ghost he has seen," nor were his imaginations "as foul as Vulcan's smithy."

When, at last, Hamlet's great mission of revenge is accomplished, by thrusting his sword through the body of the king, how resigned he seems to fate! and, when the great tragedy of his life is drawing to a close, he does not forget to beg Horatio to vindicate his honor to the world. Thus he dies. What a lasting impression he leaves upon us! Who could ever know him without feeling the most profound pity for his misfortunes, sharing in his every throb of revengeful anger, brooding with him in his sorrows, and plotting with him in his determination for revenge? His loving soul, the deadly hatred he bore to hypocrites, and the noble disdain with which he looked upon life and its worldly loves, inspire us with love for the beautiful and true; and, although we ever saw him sad and lingering, like some loving soul over the shrine of a venerated saint, he exercises a delightful, powerful, elevating influence over us, and, unconsciously, we aspire to emulate, to look to higher ideals.

As to the play itself, Horatio well describes it when he says:

"So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause;
And in this upshot purposes mistook
Fallen on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver."

H. O'DONNELL.

* *

As nearly as can be ascertained, this play of Shakspere's was partly borrowed from an old play of Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian. The play, as written by Grammaticus and Belleforest, a Frenchman, is, both in manner and style, uncouth to the last degree. In 1602 appeared Shakspere's first edition of "Hamlet." In 1604 the quarto edition was printed. In comparing the former with the latter we find very little difference in the way of action and

incident. It is in the contemplative and imaginative parts that we are struck with its astonishing growth of intellectual power and resource. In this respect there is no comparison between the two editions.

The play of "Hamlet" abounds in intellectual wealth, which is varied by wit, humor, poetry, deep philosophy, and large stores of practical wisdom. The scene is laid in Denmark, and although the characters partake in some degree of the barbarous nature of that country, nevertheless it is clearly evident that the personages in the play are taken from the English people, and of Shakspere's own times.

All the characters stand at or near the head of the state. Hamlet's mother was queen by hereditary succession, and thus it was that the elder Hamlet became king. From some mysterious disease the king dies. Before the food, which was used at the funeral of the king is taken away, it is again used at the marriage of the queen and Claudius—the elder Hamlet's brother. Hamlet, in words of sarcasm, gives the reason for this:

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

These two misfortunes fall on Hamlet like a blow. He is changed from his former self, and is very melancholy. His knowledge of his mother's sin only tends to make him more downcast; for Hamlet was a young man who thought and pondered a good deal, and could not banish the thought of his mother's infidelity. It is now that the proper action of the play begins. A ghost has been seen by Horatio and Marcellus, friends of Hamlet. Hamlet being informed of this is very desirous of seeing the ghost. In the dead of night he meets the apparition which is the spirit of his father. He tells his son concerning his death, and says:

"Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder."

And again:

"If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not....
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind."

Hamlet was told of his father's murder, which occurred in this manner. One afternoon the king, as usual, took his sleep after dinner. While in this condition Claudius crawled up to him and poured a poisonous liquid in his ear. The poison quickly went through the different parts of his body, and the result was that he died from a disease which no one was able to discover.

After this interview with the ghost, Hamlet starts off in a strange, inexplicable course of behavior; he acts as if he were crazy. This condition of Hamlet has been argued and argued whether he was really crazy or not. If he were not crazy, at least, he could act the part of a madman to perfection. In my opinion he was mad, but at times had his senses. But then, if he were mad he seemed to have more than the common amount of sense and cunning. Con-

cerning his madness, Polonius said: "Though this be madness, yet there is method in it."

Not having time to give the rest of the play in detail, I will have to content myself with giving a short résumé. Hamlet does not want to kill the king till he has the proof of the king's crime to show the people. At last a strolling band of musicians come along, and Hamlet writes a short play in which he depicts his father's murder; but so arranged that no one will discover the murderer, except Claudius himself. Claudius immediately discovered that Hamlet knew of his crime. He had Polonius watch Hamlet and spy upon all his actions. As Hamlet was one day having an interview with his mother, he heard a noise behind the tapestry, and suspecting something, he thrust his sword through the frail arras. It was Polonius, who a few seconds after died from the effects of his wounds. His daughter, Ophelia, who was Hamlet's affianced, went crazy over this event. Although Hamlet was mad, yet she loved him; and to think that he killed her father set her crazy. The king now sends for Laertes, the son of Polonius. It did not take him very long to embitter this young man against Hamlet. A friendly fencing bout was arranged between Laertes and Hamlet. Laertes' sword had no tip, and being dipped in deadly poison, it would kill Hamlet if it only scratched him. Hamlet did get wounded, but in the scuffle, the swords were exchanged, and Laertes was wounded. While this was going on, the queen, unconsciously drank some wine which had been intended for Hamlet. She dies. Laertes confesses to Hamlet about the sword being poisoned, and about the king's villainy. Hamlet cannot repress himself, and with the poisoned sword stabs the king.

J. M. KEARNEY.

—In the October number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* A. F. Marshall, B. A., makes the following plea:

"It has been calculated that only one-fifteenth part of the world's literature is Christian. Now, if we subdivide that fifteenth part by sectarianism (in England there are said to be 242 sects and in the United States 144), what a very small proportion of Christian literature can be motived by the prime idea of Catholic union! All the more reason why, among Catholics, there should be one heart and one mind, not only on points of faith (that is a matter of course), but on the ways and means of advancing Catholic literature, with a sole view to the conversion of the whole world. Private enterprise will not do this. Private book-shops will not do this. A warm if amiable rivalry of Catholic newspapers will not compact the literary hosts for literary combat. Individualism must be utterly sunk in Catholicity. Sectarianism in belief is the Goliath of Gath; David's stone will be no use without the sling, and the sling must be directed by one will."

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The 30th inst. will mark the forty-ninth anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's First Mass at Notre Dame. While the venerable Superior is steadily improving, we know that numerous friends will pray particularly that the happy anniversary may find him completely restored to his old-time health and strength.

—One of the most pleasing features of the retreat recently preached by the Rev. Father Van der Eerden, S. J., was the enrolment of two hundred and fifty students as total abstainers. These young gentlemen have manifested an earnestness of purpose which will prove their safeguard through life, and effectually conduce to the attainment of that success which attends the efforts of the true Christian. The Temperance societies at Notre Dame now make a most creditable showing, and their work is destined to be productive of great and lasting good.

—To-morrow (Sunday) an important ceremony will take place in the college church, and one that should be peculiarly attractive to every Catholic student. The Archconfraternity of the Holy Rosary will be solemnly established by one of the Dominican Fathers—the Rev. M. A. Horrigan—of Louisville, Ky. While the recitation of the Rosary—the most beautiful of devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin—is, as is well known, the source of great spiritual blessings, there are special advantages attached to membership in the confraternity under the auspices of the Order, whose holy founder was the means by which the devotion was made known to the world. No one should fail to profit

by this opportunity of securing the special protection of his Mother in heaven, the most powerful advocate with Him who is the Source of all wisdom and grace and mercy.

A Unique Field of Journalism.

In Tiffin, Ohio, flourishes a firm of journalists who, according to the circular which they send out, are prepared to furnish orations, essays, debates, etc., to those unable to write them. This circular, addressed to students, deserves more than a passing notice. From beginning to end it is a tissue of falsehood, conceit, and bad English. Appealing, as it does, to the idleness and incapacity of students, it merits nothing but scornful repudiation from honest and intelligent young men. That the firm exists, however, and has, according to its own statement, a large number of clients "in the best colleges of the land," is indisputable proof that, so long as there are fools, rogues will fatten on their folly.

"The student of the present day, though more capable than that of any preceding generation, finds that in doing justice to the physical man, he has little time for literary work and a thorough mastery of the sciences; and therefore his efforts in one branch or the other, or if it may be both, are unsatisfactory."

This statement, quoted *verbatim* from the above-mentioned circular, is absurdly false, and unjust, not only to students of preceding generations, but also to those of the present day. The honorable firm of Ohio journalists would find it difficult to establish the superiority of the young men of to-day over those of the past. No student, unless he be a consummate ass, can accept as true so sweeping a statement. It is plainly an advertising dodge—a bit of “taffy” thrown out to catch the idle and conceited. If students of the present age do not accomplish satisfactory work in literature and science, without, at the same time, suffering any injury physically, they alone are to blame. Colleges are now better equipped than ever before to furnish a sound education in all branches; and the various courses are so carefully arranged that they afford ample opportunity for needful exercise.

"There are those (students) who are obliged by a tyrannical college faculty to waste both mortal time and parental money in gorging a brain with a material that is essentially foreign to that particular intellect as is sawdust to the human system. Therefore, in consideration of this fact, and of the work of students in their closing years of college, we have endeavored to fill a long-felt want by engaging some of the most prolific writers of the age, which enables us to furnish all kinds of literary productions at a very slight cost."

This arraignment of college faculties—as sweeping as it is inelegant—shows the stand

taken by the Ohio firm of journalists. As enemies of education they can see nothing excellent in the work being done by the professors of our various colleges. To bring over to their views the young and inexperienced, and to profit by the idleness and viciousness of the "sporting fraternity," found in almost every institution of learning, is the object of their circular; and to accomplish their end they do not hesitate to libel the large and able body of men who are devoting their lives to the progress of education. Their charge is false, shameful and scandalous, and deserves the contempt with which it will surely be met by every honest student.

Aside from these charges, the circular is somewhat amusing. The English is far from being up to the standard written by the average school-boy. One cannot help thinking that "some of the most prolific writers of the age" might have been profitably employed in its revision. There is certainly a "long-felt want" in the office of the Ohio firm of journalists; and, until this want is filled, we respectfully suggest that they retire from business, or, at least, confine their communications to pupils of elementary grammar schools and to aspirants for oratorical fame in Herr Most's school of anarchy.

The *naïveté* with which they state "that in almost every case where our productions have been delivered the comments of the press were very favorable, especially upon the style and diction," is refreshing. What young man of sense would not be mortified beyond expression to receive praise for eloquence purchased from a professional dealer in that rare commodity? or, rather, what young man of sense would consent to parade himself in such borrowed finery, and display, as the product of his own mind, that to which he has no honorable title?

We have felt called upon to expose the low business in which these self-styled journalists engage, not because we fear that any student of the University of Notre Dame may be induced to patronize them, but because it is the duty of every friend of education to unmask its secret enemies. In our eyes no graver insult can be offered an aspiring student than the proposition that he avail himself of the productions of others' brains. We earnestly hope that such propositions will meet, in every college, with the contempt with which they have been met at Notre Dame. Thus, and thus only, can the mean pretensions of literary quacks to honesty of purpose and excellence of style and matter be effectually put down:

K.

Evil Literature.

There is, unfortunately, a very prevalent notion that, in this free land, a person may read whatever is published. Liberty is made to mean a license to do what one pleases, regardless of law; hence, literature of a very offensive description is freely published and just as freely devoured.

That this idea of liberty is very erroneous, is easy of demonstration to those whose reasoning powers have not been vitiated by passion. It is not true that, under any government, monarchical or republican, the subjects are allowed to *do as they please*; for the admission of such a principle would be the ruin of all governments. Subjects must act according to the *law*; and it is the *law* that secures them liberty, or the enjoyment of their rights. If there were no *evil* in the world, then the phrase, "do and think, read and write as you please," would be intelligible; but the fact is that social order requires laws to regulate our actions both mental and physical.

Now, to the uncultivated, the enactment of laws regulating their literary diet may seem to be tyrannical. They may aver that what they read concerns no one but themselves. Even if this were true, it would not be a justification of bad literature, or give them the right to injure themselves. No one is allowed to commit suicide, no matter how much it may suit his taste; and in order to prevent him from perpetrating such a deed the civil law will take proper steps. Such a person forgets, if he ever knew, that he is a member of society, not living for himself alone, but bound by social laws, and obliged, by taking proper care of *himself*, to contribute his share to the general welfare of which he partakes.

People complain not when inspection laws are passed to secure their food against adulteration or poison. When they behold the legal inspector seize a can of chalk and water marked milk, and empty its vile contents into the street, they pronounce the judgment just. How careful they are about their corporal food! How soon they will cease trading with a firm that is suspected of deceit in this matter!

Should there be no solicitude for the food that is to nourish the mind and heart? It is a horrid mistake to suppose that the mind needs no solid nourishment, or that it is very immaterial upon what it is fed. The mental faculties are formed and developed by what is read. This is so evident that it would be folly to

attempt its demonstration. A man becomes a mathematician, historian, physician, lawyer, or orator, by studious application to works treating of these sciences. Is a man going to become a Christian or a good citizen by constantly perusing works subversive of all morality? Most assuredly not. Then, as we are so careful of our corporal food, we should, for reasons as much stronger as the soul is superior to the body, be watchful of the mental.

Hence we can understand why, even in this free land, the civil law prohibits the sale of books and periodicals that are manifestly obscene or injurious to public morality. Of course, it does not constitute itself judge of *all* literature or morality, for that would be assuming unwarrantable powers; but it does and must take cognizance of literary productions which true Christianity condemns as evidently tending to social dissolution. None but the vicious will object to this:

B.

Summer Sketches.

VIII.

PARIS.

JULY 11.—This morning as I strolled leisurely down to the *Porte de Neuilly* the thought occurred to me that it would be a "jolly" thing to ride through Paris on the top of a 'bus (*imperiale*). One was waiting at a corner, but it seemed to be well filled above and below. However, they say that "there is always room for one more in an omnibus," and perhaps the same may be applied to the top. As I was about to ascend the iron steps a chap in uniform stopped me with "*En dedans, Monsieur.*" But I thought to myself "we can get all the *dedans* we want at home. In fact, that is about all there is to our 'buses." I at once withdrew, postponing the execution of my project, and hailed a *voiture*.

Paris is noted for the number of its carriages. They are here and there and everywhere, driven oftentimes with a recklessness that would seem to make a collision inevitable. But the *cocher* will tell you "the horses know," and continue his lively pace, especially if he is engaged for the "*course*" or trip, with a seeming disregard for other vehicles or human life. In many of these grand boulevards, at the intersection of other streets, there is a monument, or decorated lamp-post, or fountain, surrounded with a little grass-plot, upon which women and children may be seen standing. They have crossed half-way in safety, and they are awaiting an opportunity to dart across and finish their journey. Not unfrequently the services of the *gendarme* have to be

called into requisition. These large avenues and boulevards are to a great extent the distinguishing feature of the "New Paris"—the Paris of the Empire. Old Paris has still its narrow winding streets; but throughout the whole city the perfect cleanliness of the streets, maintained by the Government at an enormous daily expense, cannot fail to strike the stranger. We drove this morning to the *Cité* of which I think I spoke in my last letter.

The *Cité* in Paris occupies an island with an area of about thirty-six acres. It is, one would say, the original Paris—the Paris of the Romans and Franks when it was known as *Lutetia Parisiorum*. Despite the growth and extent of the city, it has preserved a character peculiarly its own; and within its narrow, crowded limits are many historical and religious monuments. The most notable of these is the grand metropolitan church of

NOTRE DAME,

which is, without doubt, one of the most beautiful productions of Gothic architecture. Certain cathedrals may be more striking and brilliant in various details, but none can present so well that character of perfect unity and strength which the harmonious and skilful combination of lines alone can give.

The façade of the cathedral is a masterpiece of architecture. In the sculptures of the central door may be found a résumé of Christianity and its mission. Above is the statue of Christ teaching, and on either side are the twelve Apostles with symbolical figures representing their martyrdom or their particular characteristics. Two rows of medallions in bass-reliefs depict the twelve virtues and the twelve opposite vices. A number of small bass-reliefs represent the Fine Arts. There are also, on either side of Christ, depicted the wise and foolish virgins and the scene of the Last Judgment.

The door on the left, under the north tower is also a very remarkable composition. The bass-reliefs and statues represent the prophets and the death and coronation of the Blessed Virgin, and are masterpieces of the sculpture of the thirteenth century. The right door is, to a great extent, made up of portions of the ancient church skilfully added to the façade by an illustrious architect of the thirteenth century. Around the three doors are numerous statues; notably twenty-eight statues of the Kings of Israel.

The interior of Notre Dame is divided into five naves; it is about 400 feet long, 150 in width and 110 in height in the central nave. One hundred and thirteen stained-glass windows,

with the three grand rose-windows in front, admit a soft, beautiful light, relieving the gloom and imparting an air of religion and piety. The choir is about 90 feet long and 40 feet wide, and surrounded by twenty-nine chapels, which contain a certain number of monuments to the memory of illustrious prelates, especially the archbishops of Paris, and distinguished personages of the French nobility. Many of these monuments are splendid specimens of the highest style of group statuary, recalling characteristics and noble deeds of the illustrious dead.

I must here mention what I was pleased to observe in several other churches visited during the day—and the same, I am informed, may be said of all the other churches—they are never empty. Men and women are there to be found at all hours during the day kneeling in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, praying in these quiet chapels before the shrine of our Lady or some privileged saint, and demonstrating by their faith and piety that, whatever may be said of "wicked Paris," there is still an intense and widespread spirit of devotion which will, in the designs of Divine Providence, prove an offset to the evil, and be the security of the faithful children of Catholic France. This was the impression produced upon me as I entered Notre Dame and saw the kneeling figures on the quaint chairs that take the place of pews, and, passing around the choir, beheld the same manifestation of piety at the various chapels. Such evidences must convince the world that France is Catholic at heart, and the time must come when the religion of the people will find its true expression in the administration of the affairs of the nation.

In the centre, on the right side of the middle nave, is the splendid pulpit of Notre Dame, recalling thoughts of Lacordaire, Felix, Monsabre, whose matchless eloquence, portraying the deepest truths of Christianity, held enthralled and impressed the greatest minds of France. The pulpit is itself a masterpiece of architecture, while on the opposite side is a magnificent archiepiscopal throne.

Passing around to the right of the choir one is led to the celebrated sacristy in which are preserved the "treasures" of Notre Dame. The place is called the *tresor*, and is rich in sacred vessels and church ornaments of the highest value. The visitor is shown chalices, ciboria, ostensoriums, reliquaries, vestments of the richest design and centuries old, and a life-size solid silver statue of Our Lady, which is enshrined in the church during the devotions of the month of May. Besides there are many historical

objects and mementos: the mantle of ceremony worn by Napoleon I. at his coronation; the blood-stained cassocks of the archbishops of Paris—Mgr. Affre, killed by the insurgents in 1848 while exhorting them to keep the peace, and Mgr. Darboy, shot by the Communists in 1871. The purple cassock of the latter is shown riddled and torn by bullets, recalling the fury of that mob whose bloody work could not be prevented by the noble-hearted intervention of the Hon. E. B. Washburne, the United States Minister.

The front of the edifice is surmounted by two massive square towers which reach a height of nearly two hundred feet above the ground. Their perfect symmetry contributes to the beauty of the exterior. In each tower a staircase of three hundred and twenty steps leads to the top from which a complete view may be had of the city. The north tower is taken by visitors desirous of having a view of Paris, while in the south tower is the celebrated bell called the *Bourdon*, 32,000 pounds in weight.

Notre Dame has played a great part in the religious and political history of France. Beneath its vaulted roof St. Dominic preached the glories of the Rosary; there Henry VI. of England was crowned King of France in 1431. In the beginning of the present century Napoleon I. was there crowned emperor. And who does not know how it was the scene of profanation and sacrilege during the "Reign of Terror," when the "Goddess of Reason" was there enthroned and the revolutionists plunged into the wildest excesses within its sacred walls? In 1845, under Louis Philippe, the work of restoration was begun: it was carried on and perfected during the reign of Napoleon III.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Notable Picture.

One of the most thrilling episodes of the late Civil War occurred on the second day of the famous Battle of Gettysburg. Sickles' soldiers were compelled to fall back before the enemy; but every inch of ground was bravely contested. The Third Corps was not in the habit of giving up, but the odds were against them, and they were forced to retire. General Hancock then ordered Caldwell to have his division ready. Just before starting into the battle the Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University, who bravely accompanied the army to the Potomac through all the terrors of the Virginia Campaign from Bull Run to Appomattox, pro-

posed to give a general absolution to the soldiers of the Irish Brigade, most of whom were Catholics. Father Corby stood on a large rock in front of the brigade, and explained what he was about to do, saying, that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere act of contrition and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing their sins, urging them to do their duty well, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers, and the noble object for which they fought, ending by saying the Catholic Church refuses Christian burial to the soldier that turns his back upon the foe, or deserts his country's flag. As he closed his address every man fell on his knees with head bowed down. Then, lifting his right hand, Father Corby pronounced the solemn words of absolution. The scene was more than impressive, it was awe-inspiring. Near by stood Hancock surrounded by a brilliant throng of officers who had gathered to witness this unusual spectacle. While in the Second Corps was silence, bursting shells screamed through the air, the roar of battle rose and swelled through the woods, making music more sublime than ever resounded through cathedral aisle. General Mulholland, a witness of this sublime scene, says: "I do not think there was a man in the Brigade who did not offer up a heartfelt prayer. For some it was their last; they knelt there in their grave clothes; in less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead. Who can doubt that their prayers were good? That heart would be incorrigible, indeed, that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corby's touching appeal, would not move to contrition."

To perpetuate this memorable scene, which is of local, national and Catholic interest, Professor Edwards requested Mr. Paul Wood to paint a large picture, eight by eleven feet, to place in one of the galleries of the Bishops' Memorial Hall. The artist has just completed the painting to the satisfaction of all who have seen it. The kneeling figures of the soldiers and the worthy chaplain are well portrayed, and the atmospheric effect good. We congratulate the artist on his work and the University on this valuable addition to its historical treasures.

Local Items.

- Josh is the champion.
- Rather moist this week!
- Football is the order of the day.
- Is it a remnant of his sea-shore vacation?
- The team lost five days on account of rain.
- Waltah's weight counts in a bucking centre game.
- The eleven must get to work! Only twelve days more.
- We caught a glimpse of "the beautiful" Thursday morning.

—Is the man with the *linile* coat Mr. Booth, or the ghost of "sweet William?"

—The St. Cecilians' executive sessions forbode something. Keep your eye on them!

—Mrs. P. L. Garrity, of Chicago, was a welcome visitor to the College on Thursday last.

—The Mock Congress has organized. The visitors' gallery is free to the public, remember.

—Unless those dogs stop their evening serenades a contract will be opened soon with the sausage maker.

—It is whispered that the St. Cecilians intend to give a grand literary entertainment on the feast of their Patroness.

—The weather clerk has broken the record this week. Four days of steady rain is pretty good—for aquatic fowl.

—Alderman Allright moved that it should not be called the *gallery* because none of the fair sex attend the meetings.

—It is whispered that shrieks of agony, cries of "down!" yells of "block for him!" etc., are frequently heard in the dormitories.

—The Columbians claim to be the best society in the University, and expect to surprise the natives when they give their play.

—Were those canines jubilating over McKinley's success some nights ago? It is most probable, as "Jim's" bark was most conspicuous.

—The analytical trigonometry class meditated surrounding and having a general massacre on the elocutionists; but they wisely—for bore.

—A series of games of billiards for the championship of the University was played last Thursday between M. Joslyn and P. Coady, Joslyn winning.

—"Speaking of hunting," said the "genial youth of the sunny South": "I cannot shoot quail, but I consider it nothing to bring down six swallows out of a flock of eight. You need not smile, I can prove it."

—The criticism class should indeed be proud of their symposium published in the SCHOLASTIC of last week. However, they do well in restraining their proud spirits until they hear from the worthy geniuses of the literature class.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting on the 11th inst. Messrs. J. B. Marre and L. Garfias were elected to membership. Essays were read by Messrs. F. Grote, J. Hagus and E. McDowell. After this followed an interesting debate.

—On Thursday, the 5th inst., a *Requiem* Mass was sung in the college church for the repose of the soul of William Thompson whose sad death, at Bay City, Mich., we recorded last week. Rev. Father Regan was the celebrant, and all the students attended and united in the prayers which were offered for their departed companion.

—Rev. John B. McGrath, '79, and Rev. James J. Dougherty, of New York city, made a very

pleasant visit to Notre Dame during the week. It was Father McGrath's first visit to his *Alma Mater* since his ordination, and he was heartily greeted by many old-time friends. He is now the esteemed assistant Rector of St. Monica's Church, and steadily accomplishing the good for which his noble gifts of mind and heart so eminently qualify him. Father Dougherty is the worthy successor of the late Father Drumgoole, and carrying on successfully his great mission for the protection of homeless and destitute children.

—The ninth regular meeting of the St. Cecilians was held Wednesday, Nov. 11. This was by far the most interesting meeting the society held this year, every one on the programme acquitting himself very creditably. The criticism of the preceding meeting by Mr. Delaney was interesting and highly entertaining, a humorous vein pervading his remarks. The other numbers on the programme were essays by M. Marr, O. DuBrul and Tong, and a declamation by A.M. Prichard. After disposing of the regular programme, a lively discussion on the restriction of immigration followed. Some remarks were then made by the President relative to the celebration of St. Cecilia's day, and the usual winter entertainment to be given by the society in December.

—At their second meeting for active work on Thursday evening the Columbians were entertained by Mr. Healy in a well-chosen selection. In the debate "Resolved, that the Bennett Law is inimical to the spirit of American Liberty," Mr. Murphy opened with a paper remarkable for force and rhetoric, and was followed on the negative by Mr. Ahlrichs, an earnest speaker, who has the knack of impressing an assembly with his convictions. Mr. Ansbury next gave evidence of a careful study of the question at issue and great power of refutation. It was reserved for Mr. Rudd to close the debate on the negative side with clear-cut, practical arguments which, aided by that gentleman's well-known power of persuasion, had a marked effect on the opinions of the society. After a careful résumé of the arguments by the President, the debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. Unintentionally we neglected to mention in last week's issue that the able debate on the "Jury System" was won by Messrs. Cassidy and Healy.

—MOOT-COURT.—On Wednesday evening, the 11th inst., the November term of the Moot-Court opened with a case in Equity. The facts were these: One Henry Butterfield was the owner of land in Clay Township, St. Joseph County, Ind., containing several beds of marl. He sold a portion of the land to the plaintiff, John Gower. In the deed of conveyance was a covenant stipulating that Butterfield should not sell any marl from the premises adjoining the part purchased by the plaintiff. Later on the defendant, James Stimson, bought from Butterfield a portion of the land referred to in the above

covenant, with knowledge of the restrictions contained therein; soon afterwards he began to sell marl from the premises, which occupation served as the chief source of his income. The plaintiff brought a bill petitioning the court to enjoin the defendant from continuing the removal of the marl; defendant filed a general demurrer, which, after argument by the attorneys, was overruled by the court. Colonel Wm. Hoynes was the presiding judge. F. Kleekamp and J. Henly attorneys for the plaintiff, and E. Browne and T. Ansbury, for the defendant.

—The 7th regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held on the evening of the 8th inst. This meeting was remarkable in that it witnessed the merging of the Literary Society into the Mock Congress. The debate, the only literary feature of the programme, was won by Messrs. DuBrul and Fitzgerald for the negative, ably opposed by Messrs. Murphy and Ahlrichs. The question was "Resolved that women be given the right of suffrage." The society then heard the report of the Committee on Division, composed of Messrs. Fitzgibbon, of Ohio (Dem.), Raney, of Iowa (Rep.), and Murphy, of Washington (Rep.). The report being satisfactory, Mr. Sinnott, of Oregon, took the chair as Speaker of the House. He appointed the following Committees: *Ways and Means*, Messrs. Coady, of Illinois (Dem.), Murphy, of Washington (Rep.), Raney, of Iowa (Rep.); *Foreign Relations*: Messrs. DuBrul, of Ohio (Rep.), Fitzgibbon, of Ohio (Dem.) and Ahlrichs, of Alabama (Dem.). The election of Clerk of the House was deferred till next meeting, Mr. Quinlan, of Illinois, acting as Clerk *pro tem*. A bill appropriating ten million dollars for coast defences was introduced by Hon. D. Cartier, of Michigan, and was referred to the Ways and Means Committee.

—OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES.—There is every prospect of good work in the literary societies this year—*progress* is the watchword of all the members. In the literary productions of these societies there is a ring of originality, as well as an elegance of diction and gracefulness of expression.—The Philodemicks, under the directorship of the Rev. Wm. Kelly, hold the flag this year as high as they ever did. The political spirit is exuberant here of late. On the one side the Republican manipulates statistics with the air of a young McKinleyite, and delights in ensnaring his opponent with fallacies and dilemmas; on the other, the Democrat adduces convincing arguments, cuts circles in the air, and when he brings down his horny hand upon the nearest desk, you know he has made a striking illustration, even though you are looking at some big republican sleeping on the other side.—The Law Debating Society has a large enrolment of members. The subjects discussed in this society are legal, philosophical, economical, political and literary, and much diversity of talent is displayed by the members.

The cultivation of oratory and the acquisition of useful knowledge are the aims of these young men, who wish some day to fill a high place in this most honorable profession. Colonel Hoynes, Dean of the Law Department, has charge of the society. At every meeting he deals with the question that has been discussed; views it in all its phases, and afterwards gives practical suggestions on how to evolve great thoughts, handle important subjects, and hold the thoughts in the mind while addressing an audience.—The Columbians are a very conservative body. No one is admitted unless his standard in college entitle him to admission. Prof. C. P. Neil is President, and takes a lively interest in the contest waged before him.—The St. Cecilians made a happy choice in securing Father Morrissey as their chairman. No one can better discern and encourage the worth of a boy than the genial Director of Studies. In music, in elocution, and in composition the members acquit themselves with credit.—The Philopatrians, though a less pretentious, are not a less promising society than the St. Cecilians. If one of these young fledglings stamps his foot upon the platform when he wishes to show his indignation—though that stamp would not kill a fly—a smile from Bro. Marcellus, who fills the chair, makes him feel he has achieved great success; and soon you see the arms spread, the neck stretched, the face flushed, and, as if by a sudden transformation, you behold a second Patrick Henry.

O'N.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Brady, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Dechant, Dacy, Fitzgerald, Joslyn, Langan, Monarch, Maurus, P. Murphy, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Neill, M. Quinlan, Rother, Sanford, Schaack, Sullivan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Breen, Burns, J. Brady, Baldwin, Brown, T. Brady, Beaudry, Coady, Chassang, Corcoran, Corry, Cosgrove, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Cassidy, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Cole, Conroy, Cherhart, Cook, C. Delaney, Doheny, Dinkel, R. Delaney, Devanny, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, R. Fleming, Flannery, Foley, Frizzelle, Flanigan, Heer, Heneghan, Harpole, Healy, R. Harris, Holland, Hesse, Hawthorne, E. Harris, Henly, Houlihan, Jacobs, Kunart, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, E. Kenny, Kearney, W. Kennedy, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kirby, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, Layton, McCullough, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, Maloney, Morrison, D. Murphy, McErlain, Marchoff, McKee, F. Murphy, Mattingly, G. McDonnell, McCarrick, McDermott, McClure, W. McDonnell, Nockels, Olde, O'Shea, Powers, Prelskamp, Phillips, Perkins, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, C. Roby, Raney, Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Sabin, Thayne, Vinez, Welsh, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Bouer, Barbour, Brennan, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, Bachrach, Burkert, Briggs, Byrne, Carney, Casey, Corry, Covert, Cosgrove, Cullen, Collins, Curran, Cheney, Connell, Crawford, Carpenter, Dion, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delany, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Eagan, C. F. Fleming,

C. S. Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, G. Funke, Foster, Ford, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerdes, Gerner, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfias, Glass, Hill, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hamilton, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hack, Janssen, Joseph, Kindler, Kauffman, W. Kreicker, Kountz, Kinneavy, Kerker, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Luther, Leonard, Mahon, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Moss, Meyers, Minor, Marre, McCarthy, J. McKee, A. McKee, McDowell, Martin, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Nicholson, Oliver, O'Connor, O'Brien, J. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Pomeroy, Rumely, Regan, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Renesch, Rend, F. Reilly, V. Sullivan, Stern, Shaffer, Sparks, Shimp, Sedwick, Sweet, Scholer, Slevin, Sheuerman, Smith, Shirk, Thome, Thorn, J. Tong, O. Tong, Tallon, Thornton, Thomas, Teeters, Vorhang, Washburne, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yeager, G. Zoehrlaut, C. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, R. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Christ, Cross, Coulter, Chapoton, Crandall, Crawford, O. Crepeau, F. Crepeau, Curtin, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Corry, B. Durand, H. Durand, Dugas, Everest, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Egan, Elliot, E. Francis, Fossick, Fuller, Finnerty, J. Freeman, B. Freeman, N. Freeman, C. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Girsch, Walter Gregg, Wm. Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Healy, Hilger, Hoffman, Hathaway, Howard, Higginson, Jones, King, Kuehl, Kern, Krollman, Kinney, Keeler, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Londoner, Lawton, Loughran, Lonergan, Langley, Lowrey, McIntyre, McPhee, McCarty, McAllister, Maternes, Morrison, Nichols, Oatman, O'Neill, Pieser, Platts, Pratt, W. Patier, E. Patier, Pursell, Ransome, Rose, Repscher, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Steele, Swan, Stuckart, Smith, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Thomas, Trujillo, Tussner, White, Wolf, Weber, Wilson, Allen, O. Brown, Cornell, Curry, DuBrul, C. Francis, Holbrook, Jonquet, McGinley, Ninneman, Wilcox.

Letter B.

With deep affection
And recollection,
We'll often think of
Those classic "Belles,"
Whose words so mild would,
In their days of childhood,
Fling o'er our essays
Endearing spells,

On which we'll ponder
Where'er we wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Dear class, of thee;
But thy "Belles" of letters
Saw not the fetters
Upon their winglets:
Letter B.

From their high station
Interpolation
Each quoted passage
Must surely stand;
And such "too often"
Made a big "lawf" in
That great assembly—
Understand.

Whate'er our faults are,
Their free gift salts are
Not just the thing that
Will pack us down:
If they start asoarin',
There may be more in
The same balloon that
Demands the crown.

R. U. INNIT.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss Mary Hickey, of New York, received certificates for the month of October in Bible History, Catechism, Spelling, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, United States History, Penmanship and Conduct. Western girls, look to your laurels.

—Miss M. Campbell, of St. Paul, lately spent a few days at the Academy. A warm welcome was extended her by those who remember with pleasure by-gone years, when Miss Mary and her beloved sister, Miss Kate Campbell, whose death occurred last April, were among St. Mary's most devoted pupils.

—The Rev. Father McDermott, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Buffalo, N. Y., was a welcome visitor at St. Mary's last week, where he was gladly welcomed by his old friends, and where he made many new ones, some of whom think they would find Grammar and Logic very interesting studies if he were the teacher of said branches.

—Miss K. Morse represented the First French class at the academic meeting of Sunday last, and read a poem appropriate to the occasion, bringing out all the beauty of the selection by her clear enunciation of the language which Very Rev. Father General is wont to style "the language of royalty." Miss G. Bogart followed in an English recitation, entitled "The Mother's Blessing"; and, though it was her first appearance in the rôle of reciter, she acquitted herself very creditably.

—Mrs. Marie Bruhn Foley, for several years an esteemed pupil of St. Mary's, a graduate from the conservatory of music, and President of the Sodality of Children of Mary, departed this life in St. Louis on the 26th ult. To her many friends the intelligence of her death was a source of profound grief, and many a fervent prayer will be offered for the eternal repose of her precious soul. Expressions of sincere sympathy are respectfully tendered her bereaved father and husband.

—On Friday evening, Rev. J. French, C.S.C., gave an instruction in the Senior study-hall on a fundamental doctrine of Christianity, namely, the Divinity of Christ. As the testimony adduced was mainly Scriptural, the Rev. lecturer devoted a part of the time to proving the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible; after which the subject of the conference was taken up, and expounded with that strength of argument and clearness of style which are characteristic of Rev. Father French.

—Emulation in the classes is encouraged by various methods, such as weekly good points, quarterly bulletins, promotions, etc.; but one of

the most effective means is the award of certificates of excellence each month to those who receive one hundred, or the mark *par excellence*, in any one branch for the entire month. Certificates for October were distributed on Sunday last by Rev. Father Corby; and, while there is none for improvement, the number who received this distinction was an assurance that the spirit of study animates the majority of the pupils.

“Blessed Are the Merciful.”

The striking figure that represents Justice is familiar to all; and as we gaze upon the balance she holds so carefully poised in her outstretched hand we find ourselves in admiration of the virtue she so aptly symbolizes. Unconsciously we find ourselves trying those wonderful scales; and what better can we place in them than the merits of justice in one, and the charm of sweet mercy in the other? Let us gather our material from the history of the past. Ancient research gives us the justice of a Brutus—that inflexible quality which warmed not beneath the glow of paternal love. It presents to our view those Spartan lawgivers who looked upon an emotion of kindness as a weakness; it brings to our notice the stoics who bent under the burdens of life with unmoved faces and hearts hardened by the fire of endurance; farther back it recalls to us the rigor of that justice which kept Moses from the Promised Land; and upon all this the records of the past place the justice which banished from the earthly Eden our first parents, and which drove from paradise the angels who sinned through pride. Surely we cannot counterbalance all this! First we find on Mercy's side the loving promise which gave Adam and Eve a right to hope. We follow the Israelites through the desert, and Mercy falls as manna, springs from the rocks as water, guides them by night as a luminous cloud, and leads them to the Promised Land. Mercy made golden the reign of a Cyrus, and one act of generosity, in the case of Damon and Pythias, brought glory to even Dionysius the Tyrant.

In the New Law, which is one of tenderest mercy, we behold a picture which gives us sweetest comfort. We see our Saviour on the Mount, and from His sacred lips we hear the words: “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” And at whatever page we open the Holy Scriptures, we find it illuminated by the recital of some merciful act of our Lord. The resurrection of the son of the widow of Naim, the raising of Lazarus, the curing of the sick,—all tend to show that He, the great Judge of judges, ever showed mercy to His creatures.

Profane literature, too, has given its tribute to the works of mercy, and proclaims Mercy to be “Nobility's true badge.” To be merciful means much: it supposes a broad mind and a

generous heart; a man of character, who, while ever anxious to follow the path of justice, hesitates not to stop by the way and lend a helping hand to those who may call him into the walks of mercy. The practice of this quality has a twofold result: "It blesses him who gives and him who takes"; and who can measure the good it has done? Many a person lost to society and to God might never have fallen so low but for the want of mercy in others. Unkind words and judgments at home, and cold justice at the hands of friends have led them where they now are. How much better it is, if we err at all, to err on the side of mercy! Tennyson says: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Yes, and we may add, more good is done by kindness than by justice. Would that we would take to heart these words, and make of them a prayer:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

If we wish to learn our true opinion as to the respective merits of Justice and Mercy, we have only to ask ourselves which we would have shown to us; and our best estimate is formed when we think of how earnestly we look for mercy when God shall come to judge all men; then, indeed, do we wish mercy; and to secure it, we have only to practise it here.

ETHEL DENNISON.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Benz, Black, Brand, M. Byrnes, Bogart, Call, Carico, Charles, Churchill, A. Cooper, Clifford, Cowan, Crilly, Carpenter, Davis, Duffy, Dempsey, Daley, Dieffenbacher, E. Dennison, Ellwanger, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Farwell, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Goodell, Gilmore, Lucy Griffith, Groves, Gibbons, Garrity, Haitz, Hellman, Holmes, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hammond, Hanson, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Maude Hess, Johnston, Jewell, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kieffer, Kelly, Kasper, Kaufman, Kingsbaker, Kiernan, Kinney, Lynch, Ludwig, Londoner, S. Loker, Lennon, Lancaster, La Moure, Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, M. McDonald, E. McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, McDowell, McCune, M. McCormack, Nacey, Nickel, Norris, Nester, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pengemann, Pinney, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Robbins, M. Smyth, Sanford, E. Seeley, A. Smith, Stewart, A. Seeley, Schmidt, Sena, Thirds, Tietjen, Tod, Van Mourick, Van Liew, Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Wurzburg, Welter, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Boyle, Baxter, Curtin, Crandall, M. Davis, B. Davis, Ford, Garrity, B. Germain, Holmes, Hopper, M. Hickey, Kasper, Londoner, Meskill, Nacey, O'Mara, Pfaelzer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, J. Smyth, Tormey, Tilden, Williams, White, Wheeler, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Curtin, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Lingard, A. McCarthy, McKenna, Palmer, Wormer.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.
GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Gibbons, Ludwig, Nester.
1ST CLASS—Miss Field.

2D DIV.—Misses Marrinan, A. Ryan.
2D CLASS—Misses Klingberg, Nickel, Tormey.
2D DIV.—Misses Davis, Dempsey, Kemme, Thirds, Wurzburg.

3D CLASS—Misses Doble, Haitz, Roberts, Welter.
2D DIV.—Misses Baxter, Fitzpatrick, Nacey, M. Smyth.
4TH CLASS—Misses Brady, Bero, Carico, Dieffenbacher, Maude Hess.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Adelsperger, Bassett, Benz, Boyle, E. Burns, Carpenter, Churchill, E. Dennison, Dreyer, B. Germain, Johnston, E. Kasper, T. Kimmell, E. Moore, Tietgen.

5TH CLASS—Misses Alkire, Augustine, Brand, M. Burns, M. J. Byrnes, Charles, E. Davis, M. Davis, Galvin, Grace, Griffith, Hanson, Hellman, Minnie Hess, Loreto Holmes, Hunt, Hutchinson, Jacobs, Kaufman, Loker, McCune, O'Mara, Patier, Pengemann, Quinn, Sanford, Sena, G. Winstandley.

2D DIV.—Misses K. Barry, Bell, Black, A. Cooper, Daley, P. Germain, Green, Hopper, Keating, M. Kelly, Kenny, Lynch, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, L. Norris, Plato, Seeley, E. Smyth, Wagner, Zahm.

6TH CLASS—Misses Byers, Call, M. Cooper, Goodell, Duffy, Groves, Hammond, Hopkins, Jewell, Kieffer, Leppel, M. McCormack, Murison, Palmer, Pfaelzer, Smith, Stewart, Van Liew, Whitney, E. Winstandley.

2D DIV.—Misses Agney, R. Butler, Clifford, G. Cowan, Culp, M. Dennison, Farwell, Gilmore, Good, Hickey, L. Holmes, C. Kasper, Kingsbaker, Kirley, Kline, M. McDonald, O'Sullivan, Pinny, Robinson, J. Smyth, Tod, Van Mourick.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. Barry, A. Butler, Curtin, Ellwanger, M. Garrity, Higgins, Hittson, B. Londoner, La Moure, D. McDonald, Schaefer, Wheeler, White, Woolverton, Zucker.

2D DIV.—Misses L. Adelsperger, Mary McCormack, Williams.

8TH CLASS—Misses Crandall, Finnerty, McKenna.

9TH CLASS—Misses Dysart, Ford, Mills, Schmidt.

10TH CLASS—Misses Egan, Lingard, Wormer.

N. B.—Several young ladies not taking the regular course are not mentioned in the above grades.

HARP.

1ST CLASS—Miss E. Nester.

4TH CLASS—Misses Sena, Fitzpatrick.

5TH CLASS 2D DIV.—Miss Stewart.

6TH CLASS—Miss M. McDowell.

VIOLIN.

Misses Bogart, Plato, Dieffenbacher.

GUITAR.

3D CLASS—Miss H. Boyle.

6TH CLASS—Miss Lennon.

MANDOLIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss Nickel.

3D CLASS—Miss S. Smyth.

4TH CLASS—Miss A. Londoner.

5TH CLASS—Misses Hutchinson, Lichtenhein, Van Liew, L. Griffith.

BANJO.

2D CLASS—Miss A. Ryan.

6TH CLASS—Miss Fitzpatrick.

ORGAN.

Miss D. Whittenberger.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss Wile.

2D CLASS—Miss Bassett.

2D DIV.—Misses Field, Grace.

3D CLASS—Misses Kemme, Dieffenbacher, M. Smyth, Carpenter, Kiernan.

2D DIV., 3D CLASS—Misses M. Hess, Kline, Van Liew, Brady, Klingberg, Kaufman.

4TH CLASS—Misses Pengemann, Marrinan, Sanford, Bell, B. Nichols, Galvin, Agney, Patier, M. Burns, N. Moore, Kieffer, Sena, B. Winstandley, G. Winstandley.

5TH CLASS—Misses Zahm, Leppel, Kelly, Good, Gilmore, M. Nichols, M. McCormick, Loker, Ellwanger.